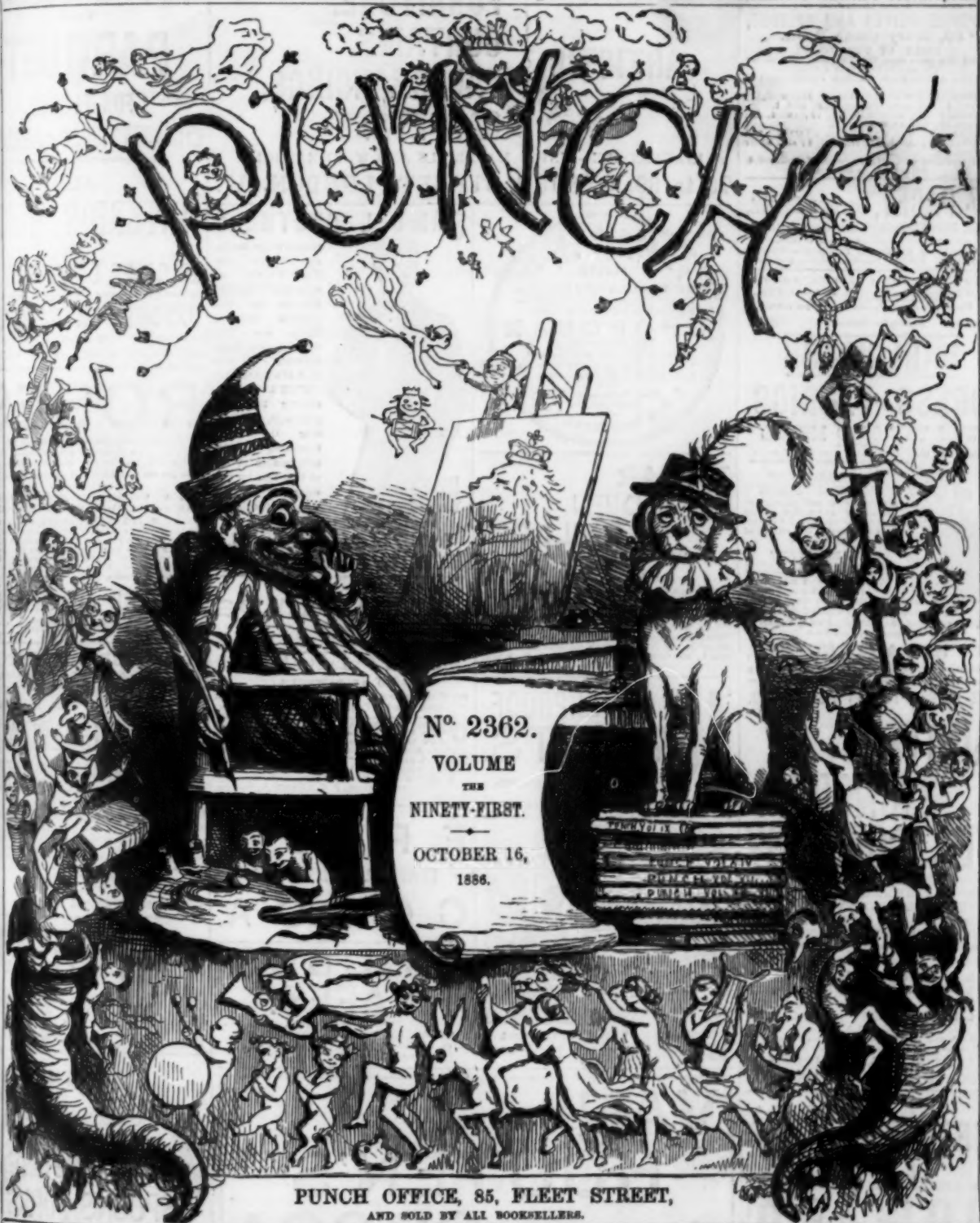


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the chubby little boys on the chubby little ponies (ah, ponies and boys, in what happy hunting-grounds do you disport yourselves now!); the delightful little snobs, whom one loved while one laughed at; the radiant flunkies, the airs and graces of those inimitable servant-girls; the policemen, the cabmen (were cabmen really ever such funny folk?), the little vulgar boys, the old apple-women; the fun and frolic of it all, and the reality; and softening and purifying all, the incomparable kindness and humanity that will make the name of John Leech dear while laughter and love have their places in the heart of man.—*The World*.
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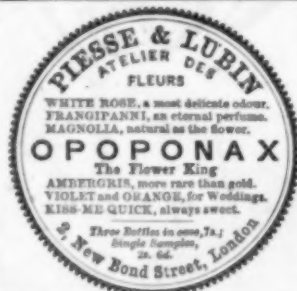
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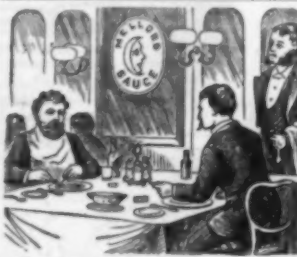
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THE LAY OF THE LOST CRITIC.



Yes, Sir, you're right; I have come down. Thanks. Three of Irish gold.
Well, like the fox who lost his tail, I've little to unfold.
Thank you, I don't mind if I do. My dear, the same again.
—I was a Critic once, who lived on "Chicken and Champagne."

You see me now, a Sandwich-man! Me! who was once a scorned Of SIMMS's dramatised low life, of peasant pride in WARNER:
The author's skill, the actor's art, were caviare to me,
A Boardman now—a Woodman once who didn't spare the Tree.

The pallid playwright, sick with care, would angle for a smile.
The actor, like a pricked balloon, would sink his side awhile;
My pen blackmailed the wretched Pro's, like levelled pistol's muzzle;
I had a price, and got it too. Law! how I used to guzzle!

When'er I hear the captive cock that from the area crows,
(For down our court they keep a lot to trouble my repose.)
When'er I pass the bottle-shop, my tears I scarce restrain,
They mind me of those bygone hours of Chicken and Champagne.

I thought myself a power indeed. Nor was I all to blame,
For men I scarcely knew by sight would conjure with my name.

—"A great night at the Club to-night; JACK BOUNDER's coming down!"—
They called me JACK behind my back, and trembled at my frown.

Oh, happy days of pleasing toil, of feasting on the best,
When conscious pride of guerdon earned gave every meal a zest!
Loud was the laugh that ever met the oldest joke from me,
And mine the health that always went with rousing three times three!

And so the prosperous years sped on, till on an evil day
I spurned the Critic's easy throne, and thought to write a play.
I'd prove to flattering crowds that still fresh laurels could be won,
And show poor playwrights how the thing ought really to be done.

And I would wed a chorister, a slender, fair-haired thing.
I thought that she might act—in time. (I knew she could not sing.)
I pitched upon a German farce to start my honest life,
Picked all the "plums" from all the parts, and wrote them for my wife.

Gods! how they hissed and booed! You could scarcely hear a word;
—The artistes turned in wrath on me, because they got "the bird."
And she, my destined bride, remarked, with irony abstruse,
"You've had so much of Chicken, that you ought to welcome Goose."

And so the spell was broken. Oh, what a fool was I
To risk the unassailed success of those who never try!
No more obsequious Managers besought me for a play,
And meanest mummings ceased to care a rap what I could say.

Then down and ever down I sunk; dropped out of all my Clubs;
And in a year or two I came to "prossing" round the "pubs."
But, venal still, I made a bit by penning spiteful "pars"
On those who had not half-a-crown when "whispered" at the bars.

But that is past—and here I am; and few things make me sore,
Save when at luncheon-time I chance to pass MILANO's door,
And see the Drama's minor lights sail in in silk and satin;
—The pride of learning haunts me still—I curse in Greek and Latin.

Good-bye, Sir. Thank you kindly. It is time for me to go
To advertise FITZINGOODLE's play with measured tread and slow.
FITZINGOODLE! whom I slated so, it turned his hair half-grey!
—And now I carry boards about to advertise his play!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell to thee, thou stranger host—
He writeth best who writeth least, and yet you praiseth most.
He writeth best who findeth good to praise in great and small,
For fools who can't tell good from bad make game alike of all.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"A NORTHERN LILY."

MISS HARRISON here has to tell,
A touching tale and tells it well!
She knows full well there is no doubt,
The people that she writes about,
And plies a graphic clever pen,
That's not too Scotch for Englishmen!

"A SHADOWED LIFE."

With incident and mystery you'll find this story rife,
And Kink unusual power shows in this—A Shadowed Life.

"QUEER STORIES."

A good story-teller, he seldom a bore is—
So we welcome, from Truth, a dozen Querer Stories.

"BY WOMAN'S WIT."

IN MRS. ALEXANDER's tale
Much art she clearly shows,
In keeping dark the mystery
Until the story's close!

FIT FOR THE FORCE.

It having been, in conformity with the recommendations of the recent Committee of Inquiry, determined to appoint a certain number of new "Chief Constables," to act as Departmental Chiefs of the Metropolitan Police Force, and it having been further decided that those eligible for the post shall be retired Officers of the Army who shall have served with merit, and occupy a "certain social position," the following paper of inquiries to be answered by the Candidates for the posts in question, and calculated to test their fitness for fulfilling the duties attached to them, has been carefully drawn up by the Authorities at Scotland Yard:—

1. Mention your rank in the Army, stating whether you have ever served as Field-Marshal or as General of Division; and, if under any distinguished circumstances, furnish them in detail.

2. Are you a K.C.B., and, if so, have you pledged the jewel? If so, state when and where, and say what you got for it.

3. Are you a Duke, Member of the House of Peers, or connected with any titled or country family? If so, trace your family tree up to your great grandfather's great grandfather, and mention if you can any of your ancestors who fell at the battle of Hastings, Agincourt, or in the Wars of the Roses.

4. Have you moved much in society in Bayswater? If so, furnish any extenuating circumstances you can think of, to explain your having done so.

5. Do you dine out frequently during the season? Give not less than fifteen addresses within a mile of Belgrave Square to which you have been invited.

6. Supply any further particulars you can, that you fancy might establish the fact of your "good social position." Do you get asked anywhere into the country for the shooting, and do you show in the park in the season on a hired hack? Have you ever managed to get your name mentioned in the column of Fashionable Intelligence in the *Morning Post*?

7. Have you had any facilities of becoming acquainted with the working and ways of the Police, other than that of having been locked up in connection with a night-charge. If so, give the full particulars, and state whether you have ever played the part of a Policeman in a Drury Lane Pantomime.

8. Draw a section of, and describe the construction of, an ordinary dark lantern, and explain the methods of using the whistle and the truncheon. Have you ever handled the latter, and, if so, with what effect?

9. Do you understand the "Dog Question"? How many people must a rabid animal bite to constitute him as being "not under proper control"?

10. Give a rough sketch from memory of Scotland Yard, and supply some suggestions for your possible uniform, specially with a view to the adoption, or the contrary, of an electric-lighted cocked-hat, cuirass, high jack-boots, and cavalry sabre, as integral portions of the costume.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

(WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?)

The Admiral. "BRAVO! CAPITAL NOTION OF SIR CHARLES WARREN'S. THE CHIEF CONSTABLES ARE TO BE MEN OF SOCIAL POSITION,—RETIRED ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS!—AND THEN OUR BOYS CAN BE OUR AIDE-DE-CAMPS, YOU KNOW. CAPITAL!"

The Two Superannuated Majors. "HURRAH! HURRAH!"

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN (GERMAN) SILVER."

"It is to be hoped that the German officers who visited Aldershot on Friday, will now, on their return to Germany, no longer 'pooh-pooh' the English Army, as they have for so long been inclined to do, but spread abroad what they saw for themselves."—*Daily Paper.*

Colonel (resident in Berlin). And so my friend, you saw Aldershot?

Lieutenant (returned from England). Indeed, I did. In a couple of hours I learned the whole genius of the British Army! Ah, it was never to be forgotten!

Colonel. But tell me are not the desertions enormous?

Lieutenant. Yes. But the deserters have good reason for their conduct. I cannot hear them "pooh-poohed"—they are most sensible, and never sufficiently-to-be-esteemed.

Colonel. And the Commander-in-Chief—why he is a civilian—what-you-call a Mr. SMITH!

Lieutenant. A Mr. SMITH is a most-excellent-and-well-opinioned-man. Besides he is sometimes helped by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

Colonel. But the Duke is always attending to his gout or his deer-shooting. Is it not so?

Lieutenant. A thousand million pardons, but I will not hear him "pooh-poohed." He is a most amiable gentleman, and takes a great deal of interest in the War Game.

Colonel. Does he not fear the rain, and always use an umbrella?

Lieutenant. Pardon! I cannot consent to hear his umbrella "pooh-poohed." It is an article never-to-be-left-at-home-when-the-clouds-seem-threatening.

Colonel. But were not the Infantry Regiments half-full of boys, and the Cavalry about a third of their proper strength?

Lieutenant. It is the *spécialité* of the country to have boys for soldiers, and weak squadrons. I really cannot hear the British Army—

HIBERNIA AT HAWARDEN.

WERE I great VIRGIL my brain I'd eudgel,
Or Grecian HOMER, or our TOMMY MOORE,
To tell a story that for love and glory,
Would make the siege of ancient Troy seem poor.

For poet's walk I pine, so friendly Porkipine,
Lend me your quills, my boy, 'tis you that can,
To pen not curses, but pleasant verses,
Anent the ladies and the Grand Ould Man.

HIBERNIA's daughters had crossed the waters,
Like beauteous mermaids on the ocean foam,
And were so grateful they'd brought a plateful,
Of love and compliments from those at home.

They went to Hawarden and in the garden,
Stood great ACHILLES just outside his tent,
Or like ULYSSES with PENELOPE his missus,
Likewise TELEMACHUS that bright young gent.

"What lovely features! What beauteous creatures!"
Cried noble GLADSTONE with a bow polite.
"To judge by faces, you are the Graces,
Or else the Muses, if I count you right."

"We're not the Goddesses of pagan *Odysseys*,
But, if you please, I'm Mrs. SULLIVAN,
Here's Mrs. MOONEY and Mrs. COONEY,
We're all Home-Rulers with you to a man."

In casket commodious the names melodious
Were placed, the list was long as HOMER's ships,
They had JOB's patience, hearing long orations
Before a bite or sup had crossed their lips.

'Twas mighty pleasant to get a present
Of photographs and autographs so long,
They got their lunch there, but had no whiskey-punch
there,
And that's the mournful ending of my song.

"THE COLINDERIES."—H.R.H. the Prince of WALES has decided that the present Exhibition shall close on the evening of Wednesday, November 10th. Tuesday being Lord Mayor's Day, there will be a fine opportunity for a final flare-up. Time no object, on this occasion: the West End can pay a graceful compliment to the East, and speed the parting and welcome the coming LORD MAYOR. Banqueters from Guildhall can finish the evening in Kensington, weather permitting, and All's Swell that Ends Swell, will be the motto of "The Colinderies."

Colonel. Yes, I know. But how about discipline? Is it not true that within a week of your visit there was a serious mutiny, in which some three hundred men indulged in a free fight?

Lieutenant. That may be so. But, pardon me,—I must insist. After having spent a whole afternoon—you understand, a whole afternoon—at Aldershot, I really cannot, no, really cannot, allow the British Army to be "pooh-poohed!"

Colonel (good-naturedly). Pooh-pooh!

Consolation.

(To a Girton Girl who has failed in her Exam.)

CHEER up! At the critical moments of strife
It bothers a man to be beaten or "chucked;"
But girls, after all, are the roses of life,
And roses were made to be plucked.

CHURCH CONGRESS AND STAGE.—Professor *Punch* presents his compliments to the Dean of MANCHESTER, and begs to inform him that "the Stage" has never been under the ban or "under the protest" (whatever that may mean) of the Church. If the Dean will read an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1885, entitled "Councils and Comedians," he will find therein some references to authorities which will considerably enlighten him on the subject. Such a statement as this of the Dean's assists in perpetuating a mischievous error.

A SOUDAN IDEA.—In honour of the recent victory, and to distinguish him from his English comrades, every Soudan "Friendly" is to be known in future as "TAMAI ATKINS."

BEGINNING EARLY.—A duel was stated by the *Figaro* to have taken place in Italy between a M. MORELLO and a M. BABY. POOR BABY!

A ROYAL REVENGE.

A FRIENDLY APPEAL.



REQUEST for Banishment! A large reply
 Worthy the heart's intrinsic Royalty
 That Crowns give not, nor can discrowning
 'ake.
 France, is there nothing in this gift to shake
 The poor resolve of policy that bows
 To persecution? On a nation's brows
 The steadfast calm of magnanimity,
 That ruffles not at every factious cry

Of foolish fear or bitter Party hate,
 Sits better, in the judgment of the great,
 Than gilded laurels. Not the fretful fume
 Of small squint-eyed suspicion, prompt to
 gloom
 With hasty jealousy, not the fussy fear
 Of hot fanatics, honours Freedom's sphere.
 Liberty should be large, or let the name
 Be from her banner torn in honest shame.

Room, room for bolder faith and franker trust!
 Let the sword only fall when fall it must.
 The exile's doom be only then decreed
 When plain occasion points the urgent need.
 Weakness will never strengthen Soul or State,
 Nor littleness make Man or Nation great.
 The princely gift you take. Dare you not
 too
 Take the large lesson it should teach to you?

A WATER COURSE.

X.

Ascent of the Puy de Dôme, and Grand Finale.

"Salut, Monsieur et Madame!"

WE are preparing for final retirement, and a wizened figure in black, like a rag-doll as a pen-wiper, presents us with our little bill for twenty-one days' washing, insists upon giving us sweet-scented flowers and unripe fruit, and then with her money in her pocket, shows herself out of the room, saying with plenty of bobs (and francs) and curtsies at the door, "*Salut, Monsieur et Madame! Salut, Madame et Monsieur!*" and so ringing the changes on this formula, she disappears. We both took a great fancy to this old lady, who was full of chatter and gossip, but on subsequent consideration, Cousin JANE begins to question whether the work of the *Blanchisseuse* is quite the most reasonable of the charges, which as a rule are decidedly moderate at Royat. Afterwards, in driving about, we come upon the Grotto where the Nymphs wash and pummel the linen. If the amount of iron in the water is the same as that in the Source Eugénie or César, then the work of the *blanchisseuse* is

an economy of time and labour, as in the Spring of the Grotto they do both the washing and the ironing at the same moment.

Coming on to the roof of our hotel, after a long drive, I hear a voice, exclaiming, "Hallo! What you here!"

Why is one Englishman always utterly astonished to meet another Englishman, and a friend, anywhere abroad? Wherever they meet it is "Hallo, old fellow! what on earth brings you here?" or, "Who'd ha' thought o' seeing you here?"—as if you had taken an unfair advantage of him somehow, or as if your presence anywhere was, in itself, a suspicious circumstance, and demanded instant explanation. In this case it is a Scotch friend, who has arrived for the benefit of his health. He is accompanied by another friend, also a North Briton, who has come to see him safely started in the Water Course, along which I have been sailing pleasantly enough; and after that he intends to return to the Highlands, where, at the sporting season, his heart naturally is and "not here;" his heart, according to the old song, being engaged in "Chasing the wild deer, the (something, I forget what) and the roe. Oh! my heart's in the Highlands wherever I go." This patriotic sportsman is the Chieftain of a Clan, at the sound of whose pibroch (I am not sure of my Scotch terms, and do not venture them in his presence) a thousand stalwart Highlanders, kilted and claymor'd, spring from the heather, and shout something equivalent to "O ieruo!" and then execute wild dances by torchlight, in celebration of having killed



The Nymphs of the Grotto.

something or other on four legs, which must be considerably larger than a hare. I mention four legs, because I do not think they have any midnight revels after killing a sixteen-pound salmon.

However, I admit my ignorance of Highland customs, and am glad to be instructed. Delighted also to partake of the savoury venison.

The Chieftain, who, with his friend the McINVALID, dines with us to-night in the *salle à manger*, where the number of guests is daily diminishing, expresses his delight with Royat, at finding it so like Scotland. As a Chieftain who would have his foot on his native

heath if he could, he is burning to climb a mountain, to ascend the steep and craggy rocks, and bound lightly from point to point like a gay chamois. "Can we not,"—he suggests, considerably turning towards the McINVALID,—“before you begin your baths and drinks, can we not ascend the Puy de Dôme?”

Yes. Why not? Nothing more simple. Order a carriage; drive over there to-morrow morning; “take luncheon with us,” says the McINVALID. “By all means,” returns the Chieftain, “and make the ascent.” Though disliking climbings, and detesting, in a general way, going up any high places, whether a belfry, a tower, or a mountain merely for the sake of a view, I cannot refuse their friendly offer of a seat in the carriage and a share of the lunch. So I accept. The McINVALID has a guide-book, likewise the Chieftain has one. I tell them that I have a book which will be of service to me as a beginner in the act of going up mountains, but not to them as experts. “What is it?” “Well—it is only a Grammar; it is, in fact, Cardinal NEWMAN's *Grammar of Ascent*.”

Thus lightheartedly I prepare for the dangers of the morrow. I dismiss the Excursion in two pictures which present a fair idea of the pleasant sensations we experienced in going up the mountain. The hardy mountaineers didn't like it. The Chieftain sat behind, and



A Royat-I Ascent.

"Happy Thought.—“I say, suppose we meet anything coming down!!”

his chances of escape, in case of an accident, were somewhat better than ours in front, though we were all three boxed into the seats, and aprons tightly fixed. One comforting thought was, “How many have been up here before, and yet lived to tell the tale!” But, on consideration, such a theory could only be supported by our having implicit faith in the word of anyone who told us that he had made the ascent.

Unlike *Box* and *Car* we did not meet anyone “Coming up-stairs, as we were going down, or going down-stairs as we were coming up.” And it was fortunate for us that we didn't. When we reached the top there was an Observatory, where we made several observations,—strong ones too, some of them, on tumbling up and down the stairs. Here the seamanlike Observer pointed out to us all that was to be seen, and that didn't require pointing out, and told us of a great deal more, including “Jerusalem and Madagascar, and North and South Ameriky,” which would have been plainly visible to the naked eye had we only been up here yesterday, or the day before, or in fact at any time except the very day we had selected. We saw the French soldiers practising firing in the fields below—and that was all.

We had lunch previous to the ascent, which proceeding we subsequently decided was a mistake; and the Chieftain chatted freely and pleasantly with the peasants on our return. The McINVALID was deeply interested in their habits and customs, and—his idea as to the dinner-hour being founded on the practice of the London season,—he wished to know what time they dined, and when they breakfasted, and was much exercised on being informed by the chatty matron, that they had dinner at eleven in the morning, and “soup” at about six in or so in the evening.

“*Et dites donc, Madame, s'il vous plaît*,” says he, regarding the mother of the family with the deepest interest, “*ne prenez-vous pas du thé à cinq heures alors?*”

He couldn't understand that at the foot of the Puy de Dôme, within reach of an Observatory, not more than a mile off perpendicularly, and within fifteen miles of Royat, this good lady should not have her “day,” and her “five o'clock tea.”

It quite saddened him to think to what a state of ignorance a peasantry might come, if only left out long enough in the country. And to think that they shouldn't take tea at all, but "*la soupe*," before they went to bed! Such a derangement of a *menu*!

This weighed on the McINVALID, and for some time after we had



Delightful Ascent of the Puy de Dôme. "So glad we came!"

started on our road home he was saddened and downcast. But presently it began to mizzle, and fog swept over the heather, and then both the North Britons revived.

"It is like Scotland!" cried the Chieftain, beaming with pleasure as they both wrapped their plaidies about them, and revelled in waterproofs.

On our arrival at the hotel, a gigantic retainer, one of the Chieftain's Highland Body Guard, or six-feet-three-Highlander, opens the carriage-door. Where has DONALD been? He has just been up "what they call in these parts a mountain, but it's nae better than a hillock, ye ken, in Scotland."

"You got a good view, eh?" inquires the Chieftain.

DONALD considers a second or two before answering, and then replies,—

"Awel, when I got oop to the top o' the thing they ca' a mountain."

"What did you see?" asks the Chieftain, cutting in quickly.

"Awel," answers DONALD, looking a bit puzzled, "I just saw a Frenchman." And this seemed to have impressed the Highlander more than anything in the whole course of his journey abroad.

The next morning we bid Dr. REM good-bye; Cousin JANE decidedly improved, myself undecidedly improved, and not yet out of the *traitement*, but looking forward to results to be hereafter apparent.

"You won't feel the benefit of the place all at once," says Dr. REM. He is quite right—I don't. Perhaps I am getting it in bits, and I am what is expressively termed "mending."

I have seen the process of "mending." Even with the best housewife it's a slow business. But still, for anemic persons who are over-worked and weary, it would be difficult to find a better (and, mind you, a more moderate) place than Royat, with its vineyards, its lovely country, its magnificent air, its pine-forests, its picturesque environs, its amusements (they've stopped the *baccarat* and *petits chereux*), its rides, drives, and walks, its *douches* of all sorts, and, in a general way, its Water Course.

RATHER "A QUEER CURSE."—"Mr. SMITH's disapprobation," as the *Admiralty* and *Horse Guards Gazette*, calls the Secretary of State for War's condemnation "conveyed to all concerned," in the presentation of colours to the Royal Irish Regiment, will probably cause some stir in "Service circles." From Sir RALPH THOMPSON's letter to that well-known military critic, "the Rev. Dr. BADENOCH" it appears that the Ex "Lord of the QUEEN'S Navee," is about "to examine into the whole question," which suggests that Mr. SMITH may have some intention of taking the affair entirely into his own hands, and for the future blessing the colours himself. This would be most unwise, as the proceeding would be sure to increase the friction already unhappily existing between the War Office and the Horse Guards. He had far better leave the matter to the Duke of CAMBRIDGE who (especially when anything goes wrong at an inspection) is an admirable judge of the kind of benediction best suited to the requirements of the British Army.

A GOOD BOY'S DIARY.

(Fragment found between London and Berlin.)

WHAT a good boy am I! Off to "Abroad." Where's Abroad? Large place—but I shall be all there. "What larks!" Should like people to think I'm somewhere else when I'm wherever I may happen to be. "Why warn't there an *alleybi*?" Immortal old *Weller*. Stay! I see it, not an *alibi*, but an *alias*,—and a disguise. First-rate. *Alias*! *Alias*—let me see, I do remember an apothecary—no, I mean the name of "ALIAS" on a playbill, as a costumer. Will send for him, also for NATHAN. Remember NATHAN when at the University—rather—lots of 'em. Send also for theatrical perruquier—CLARKSON was his name? Think so. However, Secretary will see about that. While he's gone, will think what name I shall take, and then I can settle how I shall make up. "Make up!" Ha! ha! I'm "making up" for lost time now. Again, I say, "What larks!" Wonder what the Old 'Un's doing? "What's in a name?"—SHAKESPEARE. I won't call myself GLADSTONE, in large letters on Gladstone bag. Won't even "carry the bag"—which wouldn't be out of place for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, by the way. "Only a wicked wag" would say such a thing as that; yet at Dartford I got some laughs for a quotation or two in that line. No—not GLADSTONE's name. "GUFFY?" Let me see—"young man of the name of GUFFY." No—"GUFFY" would stick to me afterwards. SMITH? BROWN? JONES? ROBINSON? No—all played out as *aliases*. What shall it be? CHAMBERLAIN? No—no—won't do without police protection, and I don't want to go everywhere "under proper control."

Friend looks in at this moment. He says, "Expensive going abroad, eh?" I reply hastily, as he has interrupted my meditations "D—n the expense, Sir!"—Ha!—in a second—I have it—Happy thought!—there it is—there's my name—Eureka!—no not Eureka, I explain to friend who has taken up his hat and is hurrying backwards out of the room—"Not Eureka—that's a hair-wash—but Ex-Spence—Sir—see?—Ex-SPENCER. Drop the Ex—and there you are, SPENCER!" I'm going off as SPENCER. Don't tell. I swear my friend to secrecy, and he departs—down-stairs three steps at a time—a bang—a crash—he has run full tilt against a small man with bonnet-boxes, and another with wig-boxes—who are just coming in. "Welcome the coming, speed the Parting Guest!" They are the Costumiers and Perruquiers. Come up.

Disguises selected. Trick-wigs, noses, five changes on the road. All boxes labelled "SPENCER." Had a mind to write "BOBBY," before it: but again thought of "*Old Joe* kicking up ahind and afore, *Bobby Blue* a kicking up behind *Old Joe*." Off! Very much off! But the Session has been such a lark, and I have been such a good boy, I deserve a holiday.

On Continent. Not discovered yet. *A Berlin!* In hotel found another Mr. SPENCER. Got his bill. Less than mine. About to pay it, but, on second thoughts, refer 'em both to "The Other One," before leaving! Having interview with BIZZY. He remembers DIZZY! Your health, BIZZY! Grand Old Chap. We are both disguised. We are becoming more and more disguised as evening progresseresses . . . don't know if talking Germanorenglishe . . . hoeh—so—potausend in pillarposten . . .

[The remainder is, we regret to say, illegible, but we have done the best we could to decipher the remarkable document so far.—Ed.]

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY."

["At the solicitation of the Queen Regent of SPAIN, the capital sentence upon General VILLACAMPA and five other insurgents has been commuted."—*Daily Paper*.]

SHAKESPEARE, who sang of mercy *con amore*,

Would have considered that this queenly act

Added more truly to CHRISTINA's glory

Than many a warlike deed or peaceful pact.

From a Queen's clemency to men disloyal,

France, who expels her bravest sons, might learn

All is not quite remorseless that is Royal.

Blest with a heart which can with pity yearn,

May the bereaved young Monarch still be seen,

In strength as softness, "every inch a Queen."

L'ÉTÉ DE ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS.—At the "Colinderies" they call the second spell of blazing weather a Col-Indian Summer.

Rhyme by a Radical.

(After reading Sir T. H. Doyle's amusing "*Reminiscences and Opinions*.")

OWN's joy in a capital book it won't spoil,

To see Tory scribes, with a gloat and a grin eager,

Point out with joy GLADSTONE's "portrait in DOYLE—

With a pretty large sprinkle of Vinegar!"



DOUX SOUVENIR DE FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE "PREMIERS DÉJUNERS" OF MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. CAFÉ AU LAIT, CRISP ROLLS, AND FRESH FRENCH BUTTER! SCUMPTIOUS!!!

"SWAG!"

Or, *The Political Jack Sheppard.*

HARRISON AINSWORTH's dauntless Jack,
Ever ready a crib to crack,
A man to fight, or a girl to kiss,
Popularity did not miss.
But was there ever a hero like this?
Every Tory has now his head full
Of the political *Penny Dreadful*,
Published at Dartford—suitable spot!—
Full of sensation hot-and-hot,
Telling how this burglar bold
Broke into the Liberal hold,
After the swag he had long forsworn,
Cooked his nose at in cutting scorn.
Chaps of the craft of *Mr. Sikes*
Have their likes and their dislikes,
And if ever a big strong-box
Safe appeared, with its bars and locks,
Safe from the jemmy of modern Jack,
This was it. Such a crib to crack
No one ever expected him,
Though acknowledged a burgling limb.
No one? Well, we will say but few,
Shrewd observers—just one or two,
Had an idea that this burgling wag
Coveted most this identical swag.
So, when the House is hushed and lone,
Most of its usual guardians gone,
Whilst the few remaining are fast asleep,
What does young *Sheppard* but quietly creep,
With lantern dark and skeleton-keys,
And professional jemmy, as sly as you please;
And lo! the Liberal strong-box wide,
And Jack the master of all inside!

Horrible, isn't it? Murder! Police!
Can't an Old Gentleman slumber in peace,

After so tiring and trying a time,
Without the shock of this scandalous crime?
Awful precocious depravity this!
Never a bit of the swag does he miss;
Out he bundles them, one by one,—
Will the young vagabond never have done?
All the Old Gentleman's treasures lie
Under the urohin's irreverent eye,
Tossed pell-mell. There are documents there,
Pet possessions and manuscripts rare;
Pride of the burgled old boy and his friends.
"JOSEPH, JOSEPH, see how it ends,
Your strange consorting with doubtful
strangers!
Told you the practice was full of dangers.
Feel you not sorrow that cannot be stifled,
To see our joint treasure-chest opened and
rifled?
Yours the reversion of much of this fruit
Of our labours, which now this young rascal
will loot.
See! there's your own pet Programme gone!
O JOSEPH, JOSEPH, what have you done?
Are you not moved to generous grief,
To see this rascally juvenile thief
Your old employer thus ruthlessly rob?
Or, JOSEPH, is it a put-up-job?"

Dreadful depravity! Youth is a dasher,
Terrible pity to see him turn "smasher."
One more result of the feverish rage,
For startling Sensation, the vice of the age.
Boy has been reading "*Bold Highwayman
Ben*,"
That Tory Turpin and smartest of men,
Who dished the Whigs in the brave old days,
Hopes to eclipse him and share his bays.
Plenty of people still in our time,
Who'll shout, "Bravo!" at successful
crime;

Plenty of fools to hooray with a will,
For thieves—at St. Stephen's or Tyburn
Hill.
But wise men otherwise measure the gain's
worth
Of aping the hero of HARRISON AINSWORTH;
And cleverness may have mistaken its tack,
In playing the part of Political Jack.

A Crown without a Head.

APPARENTLY the temper of the CZAR has
recently been so eccentric that the Doctors
have become completely puzzled about the
state of his Majesty's health. The Emperor
talks to himself (showing that he must be
fond of, very bad company), sketches im-
possible policies, and even speaks with ap-
proval of the conduct of General KAULBARS.
From this it would seem that his Majesty is
in need of retirement. If he were in England,
he might head his letters with the Russianised
word "Colneyhatchoff," to denote that he
had lost a tile, and found an appropriate
resting-place.

Board-School Nursery Rhyme.

HEY, DIGGLE, DIGGLE!
The pedants may giggle,
And swear your new rules are a boon;
But the People won't laugh,
They're too angry by half,
And they'll dish you, my strife-stirring
spoon!

INTERNATIONAL FRATERNITY.—The Eng-
lish and French fishermen have freely inter-
changed smacks.



"SWAG!"

OR, THE POLITICAL JACK SHEPPARD.



PHEASANT PLEASantry.

OUR SPORTIVE ARTIST, D. CRAMBO, JUN., SAYS THAT THE UNFAVOURABLE REPORTS FROM THE BREEDING DISTRICTS HAVE BEEN GREATLY EXAGGERATED. NOTWITHSTANDING THE LATE PREVALENCE OF "GAPES," THERE IS A FAIR SUPPLY OF "LONG TALES."

COUNTRY COUSINS—PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE to return you my grateful thanks for allowing me to have had the delightful duty of escorting your Cousins from the Country round the sights of Town, as it has given me an opportunity of renewing several most pleasing memories. Thus I have once more seen Westminster Abbey (now open to the Public free of charge and vergers on Mondays and Tuesdays) and the Tower, and have also "done" Kew Gardens, Hampton Court (where we got a very admirable meal at the "Mitre"), Gravesend (new line there, with cheap trains at half-a-crown First Return, L. C. & D. R.), and the South Kensington Museum. Your relatives seemed greatly pleased with all these delightful sights, and I have no doubt would have been glad to have repeated them, had not your welcome packet of tickets arrived in time to furnish an object for the exploration of fresh places of amusement.

Our first visit after this thoughtful gift was to the Albert Palace, a very fine institution, adjoining Battersea Park. I believe it was originated by Alderman Sir ROBERT CARDEN, who has left, in the illuminated grounds and *al fresco* entertainments, evidences of that gaiety of temperament which has justly earned for him the festive title of "the most jovial Citizen in London." The worthy and mirth-promoting Magistrate has been succeeded in the Management by Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND, a gentleman who, I am told, is known amongst his intimates as "the People's Caterer." Certainly, when we entered the establishment there was no lack of recreations. We assisted at a most excellent Circus, wherein a very talented damsel, with long yellow hair, balanced herself on a slack wire, and performed various feats with metal balls. This obliging individual was followed by a jockey who rode without a saddle, eight ladies and gentlemen who danced a quadrille on horseback in the most courteous manner imaginable, and many other vastly entertaining performances. Besides the Circus, Mr. HOLLAND had prevailed upon a very large number of Cats, and a Giant Baby ("pronounced by members of the Medical Profession the Wonder of the World"—see Programme), to exhibit themselves to an audience as remarkable for its numbers as its enthusiasm. There were also some extremely intelligent Fleas (one, I fear, was suffering from a slight cough), a Diorama, a Marionette Theatre, and "LOTTINA, the Beautiful Sylph of the Air." This last, a most pleasing female, was said, by the Programme, to be patronised by Lieut.-Colonel THORNEYCROFT, the Earl of ROSEBURY, the Duke of EDINBURGH, and others.

After leaving Battersea we visited the Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, and absolutely revelled in its rollicking contents. I can scarcely imagine any grander display of Art, although I was told by one of your Cousins that it was scarcely so interesting as a previous display of a year or two ago, when a large autotype of three boys artistically grouped in an arm-chair had been the centre of attraction. The great success of some of the sun-pictures displayed at this artistic exhibition, made us all hope very earnestly that such eminent painters as Mr. MARCUS STONE, Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, Jun., and M. TISSOT, would some day be encouraged to finally discard their palettes in favour of their cameras. Leaving Pall Mall East, we went to the Royal Westminster Aquarium, where we found Professor LEON taming horses somewhat after the fashion of Mr. RABBIT. The experiments were highly diverting, and would no doubt have held us spell-bound for hours, if not for days, had we not wished to see the Vanishing Lady disappear at the Egyptian Hall under the immediate personal superintendence of Mr. BEETRAM. The self-abnegating gentlewoman who was induced to thoroughly efface herself for the convenience of visitors, was a Madam PATRICK, who by her name it will be seen conclusively established her foreign nationality.

We had now exhausted your tickets with the exception of two—the first entitling us to a view of the Constitutional Club, the second allowing us to inspect the Dairy Show. We were amazed at the splendour of the *cercle* invented by that most gallant of veteran warriors, Lieutenant-Colonel EDIS of the Artist Rifle Volunteer Corps. The "hero of a hundred sites," (the dashing officer is not only a soldier, but an architect) had made a feature of the electric lighting, which certainly was of excellent elevation, and equal, if not superior to oil or gas. The furniture too was of most admirable quality, having been supplied from his own establishment by a prominent member of the Committee. Now that the Constitutional is opened for the admission of members, I shall not be surprised to hear of the total collapse of White's, the Junior Garrick, the Marlborough, the Grafton, Boodle's, the Greenroom and others, with equal claims to the highest social distinction.

We now wended our weary way to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, (which is not to be compared with "Olympia," the coming—from Paris—hippodrome of West Kensington) and were simply amazed at the magnificent display of cheese, in the Dairy Show. The butter too was a most impressive sight, and reminded some of our party of the weird beauties of the far North, and others of HUDSON's establishment under the shadow of St. Paul's.

Having shown your entertaining relatives the above instructive sights, the youngest of their party volunteered to take me in hand, and offered to "put me up to a thing or two." Gratefully accepting his invitation, I dined at FRANCATELLI's, visited the Alhambra and the "Colinderies," and finished up with ROMANO's and the Cavour. The next morning, if I ignore a splitting headache and a settled melancholy, I never felt better in my life.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, most gratefully,

A PERAMBULATING PLEASURE-SEEKER.

THE AUSTRALIANS' FAREWELL.

[Most of the members of the Australian Cricket Team which has been playing here this year left last week for home.]

FAREWELL to the land which once glowed with our glory!

Good-bye to the fields which once rang with our fame!

'Tis faded, that fame, and that page in our story

Turned o'er, and the next one reads not *quite* the same.

We have played against teams that have beaten us badly,

Have oft had to own that the best side had won.

The season is o'er, and our team departs sadly,

Not, *not quite* the team that past wonders had done.

Farewell to thee, England! We left them behind us,

Those heroes who rivalled the pick of thy land.

The scores of *those* matches serve but to remind us

Of MURDOCH—the touch of his strong (vanished) hand;

Of PERCY McDONNELL, who beat your best bowlin',

Of BANKERMAN brave, with defence like a rock;

Of artful old BOYLE, with the game his whole soul in,

Of MASSIE the mighty, who never would "block."

Ah, SPOFFORTH! He knew not our depth of disaster,

Who dealt that unkindest cut-over of all.

'Tis true you have bowled, but the hand of the master

Has ne'er been the same in command of the ball.

Oh, BLACKHAM! your hands must have lost half their cunning,

Now never too sure of a "stump" or a "catch";

And BRUCE, Sir! your bowling at home was thought "stunning,"

How is it you have not "come off" in a match?

Ay, JONES may have scored, and GEORGE GIFFEN done wonders,

And PALMER and SCOTT may have "laid on the wood";

But why in the field such a number of blunders?

Why "rots," that our forerunners ever withstood?

Farewell to thee, England! But, on our next visit,

You'll see our old Champions who triumphed before.

For the present you need not much wonder why it is

We boast of those once-vaunted "ashes" no more!

ARTISTIC.—It is understood that Mr. MILLAIS, the painter of "*Chill October*," is hotly—very hotly—indeed, in fact 90° in the shade—at work upon a companion picture, a subject suggested by the recent tropical autumnal weather. It will be a landscape with figures, the landscape broiling in the full blaze of a lingering but potent Phoebus, the figures all at perspiration point. The title of the picture will be "*October with the Chill off*."

THE introduction of WOLFE TONE into Mr. GLADSTONE's correspondence on Ireland sounds like a tone of disloyalty which the Ex-Premier would be the first to disavow. But even a semi-Tone of this Wolfish sort would have been a note of disaffection; and Mr. GLADSTONE doesn't want this sort of thing "to give a tone" to his speeches or writings.



DIFFERENT PEOPLE WHO, WITHIN THE LAST TEN DAYS, ABROAD, HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN FOR LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

THE ANATOMY OF SHOOTING.

MEN WE NEVER MEET.

1. THE man who makes no excuses for shooting badly; such as—1. The light was in his eyes; 2. He was bilious; 3. There was something wrong with his cartridges; 4. Too many cigars the night before; 5. Some particular eatable or drinkable taken the night before; 6. Or that morning; 7. He was afraid of hitting that beater; 8. We were walking too fast; 9. He hadn't got his eye in; 10. Or his eye was out; 11. He didn't think it was his bird; 12. It was too far off; 13. He always thought there was something the matter with that gun.
2. The man whose dog hasn't a good nose.
3. The man who can't "shoot a bit sometimes."
4. The man who hasn't some particular theory as to—1. The very best gun; 2. Cartridges; 3. Charges of powder and shot; 4. Best tipple to shoot on; 5. Best sort of boots; 6. Gaiters; 7. And equipment generally.
5. The man who doesn't change the said theory every season.
6. The man who hasn't sometimes said he couldn't shoot after lunch.
7. Or that he could shoot better after lunch.
8. The man who on your remarking that your friend GEORGE LAKE is a good shot, doesn't answer that you should see BILLY MOUNTAIN (or someone else) and then you would know what shooting really was.
9. The man who hasn't a friend who "can't hit a haystack."
10. The friend who owns it.
11. The man who doesn't like to be considered a good shot.
12. The man who, being a bad shot, doesn't comfort himself by thinking he knows a worse.
13. The man who hasn't made a longer shot than anyone in the company.
14. The man who, having made it, doesn't tell the story.
15. And who, having told the story, doesn't tell it more than once.

Finally, *Mr. Punch* is never likely to meet the man who, having read the above, will not own that it is strictly true of those who pursue the pleasant pastime of shooting when, as the eminent BURTON puts it, "they have leisure from public cares and businesses."

"WHAT IS A PANSLAVIST?"—Well, you just ask a Maid-of-All-Work in a lodging-house—she'll explain.

BLACK AS A COLLIER.

Mr. PUNCH, remembering his special family connection with Italy—though it is a common error to suppose that he is of purely Italian, any more than he is of purely Indian, origin, his glorious ancestral records going back to a time when the protoplasm of evolutionists were uncommonly jelly-fishy—was particularly delighted at seeing in the *Times* of Saturday last, a Correspondent signing himself "ANGLO-ITALIAN," indignantly yet courteously repelling the odious charge brought against Italian gentlemen by Miss COLLIER, in her book "*Our Home by the Adriatic*," a charge which, in the course of its review, the *Times* had admitted without comment, in this objectionable form—"Italian gentlemen do not hesitate to beat the female members of the family."

Mr. Punch, not unmindful of certain sad passages in the domestic history of his own family,—to which he alludes with poignant feelings of regret, though it is but fair to say that there were faults on both sides,—was thunderstruck at seeing such a statement in our leading journal remaining for one whole week uncontradicted. If an educated English lady can say such things of Italians, how can we be surprised when a certain class of French writers still declare that the English sell their wives at Smithfield.

Italian chivalry is made to look very black under the touch of a COLLIER,—in fact the charge itself is rather suggestive of the habits and customs, not of the South, but of a Northern English Colliery.

At the Church Congress last week there was, beside "Cheers," a considerable amount of "Dissent." This speaks well for the broad views of the Church Congress.

THE French *Figaro*, last week, had one of the inevitable articles on *L'Anglais à Paris*. True, there is such a person as the *Anglais pour rire*—"who's a denigering of it?"—but the fact is that "Too many Cooks spoil the Continent."

MRS. RAM visited a Ritualistic Church one day, and said the smell was just the same as in the churches abroad after some service when they'd been burning insects.

WHAT IS "THE HESSIAN FLY?"—Is it a new sort of cab? If so, how much an hour? Is it provided with a Hessian "boot" for luggage?

INGOLDSBY IMPROVED.

IN consequence of recent revelations concerning the emphatically "fishy" state of the mains of the East London Waterworks, a modified version of "*The Knight and the Lady*," is in preparation, brought up to date and adapted to the habitat of the modern eel. The concluding passage in which *Lady Jane*, the tall and slim, recognises her drowned lord to the pond, in the honourable and useful capacity of an "eel-trap," will now run as follows:—

"Eels a many
I've ate; but any
So good ne'er tasted before,
They're a fish of which I'm remarkably fond,
(Especially served à la SPIRITS AND POND)
Go—pop our beloved Sir THOMAS again
Into the East London Waterworks Main—
Poor dear!—He'll catch us some more!!"

DEURLOLANTUS IN FORO.—*Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS* has been summoning the Vestry of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, who have refused to remove the dust from Drury Lane Theatre on the plea that they regarded it as "trade-sweepings," which they declined to cart away unless paid at the rate of six shillings a load for the service. Unless *Mr. HARRIS* has been chopping up his scenery, properties, box-fittings, or benches, and consigning them to his dust-bin, it is not easy to see how the combative Vestry could prove their point. And indeed they failed to do so, for, on samples being produced in Court, and these not containing even any returned MSS. left at the stage-door, the Magistrate, *Mr. BRIDGE*, after inspecting them, decided that they were only "sweepings from a theatre," and not "trade refuse," and that the accumulated dust must be removed accordingly. The Vestry, however, not regarding *Mr. BRIDGE* as that golden one by which they might retire gracefully from the contest, have given notice of an appeal, the result of which *Mr. HARRIS*, who is said at least to be bringing down the dust at the exchequer in the front of his House, may probably await with all confidence.

VERY ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.—It has been generally stated in the papers that "*Mr. PARNELL* has made arrangements to spend the winter in the South of France, and will not return till the opening of Parliament." This is startling for us in the North. Why doesn't he come and live quietly among us in London, and then we should have been pretty safe during the winter?



"THE CANINE SCARE."

Mabel (with subdued ecstasy). "OH, CLARA! WHAT D'YOU THINK! WE'RE GOING TO PARIS AT LAST! PA THINKS HE'S BEEN BITTEN BY A MAD DOG, AND HE WANTS TO SEE M. PASTEUR!"

SQUARING ALL ROUND.

Two exceedingly pleasant statements were made at the late Congress of Railway Servants. The first is, that, owing to the present complicated system of railway signalling, it is quite impossible for signalmen to avoid making mistakes. The second is, that, when they do make these inevitable mistakes, it is their practice to avoid being reported by "squaring" the engine-drivers who detect them. The signalman's argument, expressed in the vernacular, doubtless is, "If I don't 'square' the engine-driver, the engine-driver will 'round on' me." Fine subject for an allegorical design to adorn the walls of the Railway Servants' Congress:—"Sleepy Signalman trying to Square a Circle—of wide-awake Engine-Drivers."

Meanwhile, of the consequences of threatened "rounding," and the actual "squaring" the public has to run the risk, and often, it is to be feared, to suffer the effects. The public will probably come to the conclusion that this kind of "squaring" is not "on the square." The sooner it takes sharp measures to impress that conclusion, and its legitimate inferences, upon the mind—or perhaps one should rather say the pockets—of the Railway Companies, the better for its own interests. It is ingenuously admitted that a suggestion that "squaring" should be put a stop to, "did not find much favour with the Congress." This naive announcement will naturally raise the indignant ire of the railway-traveller.

But perhaps, after all, it is not the poorly paid victims of excessively long hours, and a complicated system of signalling, who should be attacked, but rather the complacent monopolists, who are responsible for the long hours and the complexity. A system which results in overworked drudges continually putting people's lives in horrible danger, and then "squaring" other overworked drudges, in order to escape detection, is self-condemned, and must be sharply inquired into. There is a great deal too much of this nefarious "squaring" going on all round us nowadays; and he is a true friend of the public who ruthlessly exposes it wherever found.

Mrs. RAM says it is delightful to roam out of an evening in the country fields, and hear the sheep-bells tinkling.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

(Written for translation into Russian.)

THE General travelled through the fields until he met some reapers. He offered them gold, and told them to say that the whole country belonged to the Czar.

They accepted the money, and there was a slight tremor in their left eyes.

Then the gallant diplomatist entered a town. He addressed the citizens, and informed them that if they desired to see their grievances redressed, they must appeal to the Czar.

Again there was a slight trembling of their sinister eyelids.

Once more "he urged on his wild career," and came across the Army.

"My Brothers!" he exclaimed, "your Master is mine, and mine yours. He is the most powerful in the world. Be good enough to shout for him!"

But still the eyes winked in the familiar, too familiar fashion, and the self-appointed Envoy called them all together.

"Now, Nobles, Citizens, and Army, take your time from me," cried the General. "Shout 'Long live the Czar!'"

But everybody laughed, and then there was a resounding cry of "Flourish Bulgaria!"

And as this was not exactly what he expected, the General sulked, and came to the conclusion that he had had his labour for nothing.

Moral.—It is not every brute who, like *Puss in Boots*, can secure respect and popularity for a *Marquis of Carabbas*!

THE undefeated P. M. G. obtained from different actors three opinions as to the effect of the long runs on their health. Mr. Gnos-smith evaded the question (so like him), and tortuously replied that he only felt the effect on the first night. Evidently he has experienced the result of a long run on his head, for he couldn't have managed it on his Sim-Tappertian legs. By the way, how admirably "G. G." could make up for *Sim Tappertit*. It doesn't matter what may happen to actors, since, as a rule, they are pretty sure to come right "in the long run."

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM "MR. SPENCER."

Berlin, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

I FIND your letter on going back to the Kaiserhoff, after seeing HERBERT. (Of course I don't mean *our* HERBERT. Strange, isn't it, that there should be two Grand Old Men, one in Germany and one in England, and both with sons named HERBERT?) I am delighted with what you tell me of the stir my mysterious disappearance has made. "Such larks!" as Joe Gargery said to Pip. I quite understand that, as you say, since the disappearance of the late Mr. LEPROY there has been no such sensation in London. The fact is, I was getting a little

bored at the Treasury. I wanted a diversion. One cannot, in present circumstances, race across Westminster Bridge, as I once did, what time the clock struck the quarters and midnight. Nor can I very well go making cart-wheels along the pavement in Pall Mall. Must do something; so I thought of this, and it has answered all my expectations. Most amusing to read the German papers, or rather to get TRAFFORD to translate them for me.

I have been to Varzin, and had a couple of hours' chat with BISMARCK. He's a very able man, of course; but a little lacking in humour. He doesn't see any fun in my going about under an *alias*. "Ten thousand thunders!" he growled, looking down on me with a fearful scowl, "why on earth couldn't you come here in your own name? What do you mean by dodging from railway station to railway station, disguised in a big cloak, as if you had stolen a watch or murdered a man, and feared the police were after you?" Then he lapsed into German, and I lost the thread of his conversation, but rather guessed it was not complimentary.

This was not a favourable opening to the conversation, but we presently got on a little better. I promised BISMARCK I would back him up. Told him GLADSTONE was finally played out, and that I would keep SALISBURY straight. But he didn't seem so gratified as I had expected. Wanted to know whether I was sure of carrying the consent of the House of Commons, and what would HARTINGTON say, and how far would CHAMBERLAIN keep in step with me? He doesn't seem half so easy to get over as the Markiss. Once I tried a little bullying with him. Blazed out upon him like I do upon Grand Cross. Seriously, TOBY, dear boy, I thought he would have taken me up and put me out of the window. So hastened to explain that it was only my fun; whereat he again lapsed into the German language, which I think very effective for saying bad words in.

Of course I tell you all this in confidence. What I want Europe, and more particularly the Electors of South Paddington to understand is, that I'm moving in a mysterious but most potent way—that I and BISMARCK, in secret council, in which I take the leading part, are arranging the affairs of Europe, and that we will make Emperors and Sovereigns generally sit up. DISRAELI was a moderately shrewd man. He saw the advantage of taking a personal part in the direction of foreign affairs. But then he went to Berlin in commonplace fashion, with an ordinary Cook's ticket, the time of his departure from London and the hour of his arrival in Berlin openly stated. But my flight by night, the total disappearance of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in London, and the mysterious movements of Mr. SPENCER in Berlin, form, I flatter myself, quite a new thing.

I think as I am here I may as well make the round of the Capitals, and settle matters generally. A little over-awing might do Russia good. Austria is inclined to be flighty, and as for France the government of the Republic must be made to understand that a new PITT has come to the front in English politics. It's all very novel and very exciting, and as I said before "such larks!" I send you in cypher, as agreed, my address. Be careful to post your letter yourself and see that you are not watched. MATTHEWS is equal to anything, and knowing that we are likely to be in correspondence, it is quite possible that you are under surveillance.

Ever yours faithfully,
RANDOLPH SPENCER.

ALL ABROAD.

THE following specimen extract, taken from the *Travelling Conversation Book*, compiled in French, German, Greek, and Arabic, for the use of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN during his projected European tour, by the accomplished Ex-Detective who is accompanying him, shows how judiciously the linguistic necessities of the distinguished Liberal-Unionist have been provided for. Subjoined is a page, headed, "ON A RAILWAY JOURNEY," that furnishes a good idea of the rest of the text. It proceeds as under:—

Are you sure that Mr. GLADSTONE is not travelling *incognito* by this train?

Is the foreign-looking gentleman, with a fur-collar, seated in the corner of the carriage, a *bond fide* passenger, or an Irish Nationalist in disguise?

Is my life safe in this compartment?

Let us ask the Ex-Detective, whom I have brought with me, and who is seated in the next compartment, for information on the subject.

Who is that on the platform, with a gardenia in his button-hole and an eye-glass in his eye, apeing my manners, in a suit of my own clothes? Can it be RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, playing me a practical joke?

This stuffy second-class railway-carriage reminds me very much of the atmosphere of the House in August.

It will, however, add to my Parliamentary experience to study the country, as we pass along, from the window.

The land on each side of the line, to judge from the occasional artificial divisions that meet the eye, appears to me to be disposed of in allotments.

I have seen a great many acres, but have not yet come across a single cow.

Ha! here is one acre containing seventeen cows.

I think, if I point it out to him, the sight will be pleasing to JESSE COLLINGS.

But I must discuss the subject of Free Education with this Station Master.

It is strange that neither of these two gendarmes has ever heard of Local Self-Government.

Ha! here we are arrived at the end of our journey, and this crowd is evidently waiting to receive me respectfully.

It is curious, though, that the luggage-porter appears never to have heard of Birmingham and the Caucasus.

If I take this fly, harnessed to two execrable screws, will it not render my entry somewhat symbolical?

Never mind: I will make the head-waiter thoroughly acquainted with the present position and prospects of the Liberal-Unionist Party, and fully explain to him the peculiar nature of my relations with it.

But here is the Ex-Detective with a bed-candle, suggesting that perhaps I had better retire to rest.

Randolph the Radical.

It tries your loyal Liberal's composure,
To see Lord CHURCHILL going for the Closure;
But before him lead Rads must veil their brows,
Who promises six acres and two cows!


SACRED MUSIC AT THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Why not? Why shouldn't an Oratorio become an 'Arry-torio? Mr. FREEMAN THOMAS announces that in consequence of the success of *The Messiah*, he will now give *Elijah*. Whatever happens, in this Oratorio there must always be a very big Profit.

Mrs. RAY says, that lately she has been in a part of the country, where she was awfully bitten by the Midgets.

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Apollinaris
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The London girl, who eloped with her father's coachman the other day, was pretty.

The Paris belle, who recently poisoned her husband, is spoken of in the papers as very pretty.

The Berlin bride, who became stage-struck and joined a travelling theatrical company, looked decidedly pretty.

The New York maiden, who drowned herself because her young man could "only be a brother" to her, was exceedingly pretty.

The pretty girl, therefore, instead of being a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, is often a delusion and a snare.

It is the plain girl, who is never found breaking her father's heart or her husband's head.

It is the plain girl, who is never found on a marble slab in the morgue, with cold water dripping off her.

It is the plain girl who, although she may have an aching heart, has a level head.

It is the plain girl, with pug nose, freckled face and red hair, who never causes the tongue of scandal to wag.

In one respect, however, pretty girls and plain girls are alike. They all have pains and aches. And pains and aches make us all unhappy.

WE all know that happiness is the absence of pain. And all *should* know that a remedy has been discovered which conquers pain, as sure as day follows night. Its powers are astonishing. It has cured people who had been crippled with pain for twenty years. It acts like magic. It goes right to the spot. It is simple. It is safe. It is sure.

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